J. ANGUS SHAW, President, 63 Park Row.

J. ANGUS SHAW, Pressurer, 63 Park Row.

TOPH PULITERR, Jr., Secretary, 61 Park Row.

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All Countries in the Internation and Canada.

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LIGHT ON THE RIGHT SPOT.

TURNING its searchlight from the operating methods of the B. R. T. to the operating methods of the Public Service Commission, the Kings County Grand Jury shows that it knows the al reason why Brooklyn suffers from skimped service and intolerable wowding on its transit lines.

The Public Service Commission was created to stand between the alle and the corporations—to protect the public from precisely such bases as those fostered by the policies of the B. R. T. Time and seein citizens of Brooklyn have filed with the Public Service Comon specific complaints of B. R. T. practices. Time and again the Public Service Commission by evasion and unkept promises has shown shelf loath to disturb the B. R. T. in the latter's gross mishandling of its patrons.

The Public Service Commission has not protected the public from the . T. It has protected the B. E. T. from the legitimate claims and rights

The Grand Jury is right. Everybody knows how the B. R. T. tes. The thing to find out is how the Public Service Commis-

The latter has indeed stood between public and corporation-with its to the public.

AS THE YEAR BEGINS.

PEARLY forty-two million dollars is the gain reported by State banks for 1914. Eighty-one trust companies have increased their resources by more than \$100,000,000 during the same These figures are from the report of the State Banking De-

Bot a bad New Year's balance, considering how the belief of hard has been pounded into us for the past six months.

In a New Year's greeting to business the Commerce Department Washington points out that whereas in August the monthly trade es of the nation showed a deficit of nearly \$20,000,000, the situathe is now very different. It estimates that for last month alone arcses of exports will reach \$100,000,000—with one exception the in the last two years.

The advice of Secretary Radfield is the advice recently offered this column: The quickest way for the individual business man to at a share of prosperity is to expand his activities, to use more labor it is cheep and plentiful.

"Got that shettion on your shop going. It will cost you less to-day then six months hence. Is trade a bit dull in the ant Got these improvements begun. Prices are low and by to rise. You've been thinking of that contract work. her start it yourself before things get the start of you."

The last two months have cleared up financial conditions in this bry, declares the President of the First National Bank of Chicago. Designess is fundamentally sound. But for conditions in Europe, and but improvement in general business."

Dun's Review finds at the beginning of the year "in every leading a notable expansion of confidence owing to the remarkable s which has been made in restoring the financial situation to and in re-establishing the favorable balance of international do despite limited shipping facilities."

s opportunity. The achievement is the Federal Reserve Bank the solidest stone the nation has ever built into its financial ses foundation. The opportunity looms larger with every a of the war in the beckoning markets of the world.

The ghest of hard times was laid when 1915 came in. It will t no more this year.

Hits From Sharp Wits

an on the Car, "if I

flome very good people learn how to operate an auto, but it must bother some of them to find suitable language when a blowout occurs.—Milwaukee Bentinel.

Love yourself as you do your neighbor and just see how far you will get in this world.—Memphis Commerical Appeal.

Letters From the People

grave injustice has been done to the honest and faithful engravers who are now or who have heretofore been employed in this bureau; as it is a fact of which every one connected with the bureau is justly proud that there has never been any one who was connected with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, either while employed here or after leaving the service, who has ever been convicted, or even suspected, of connection with any counterfeiting operations.

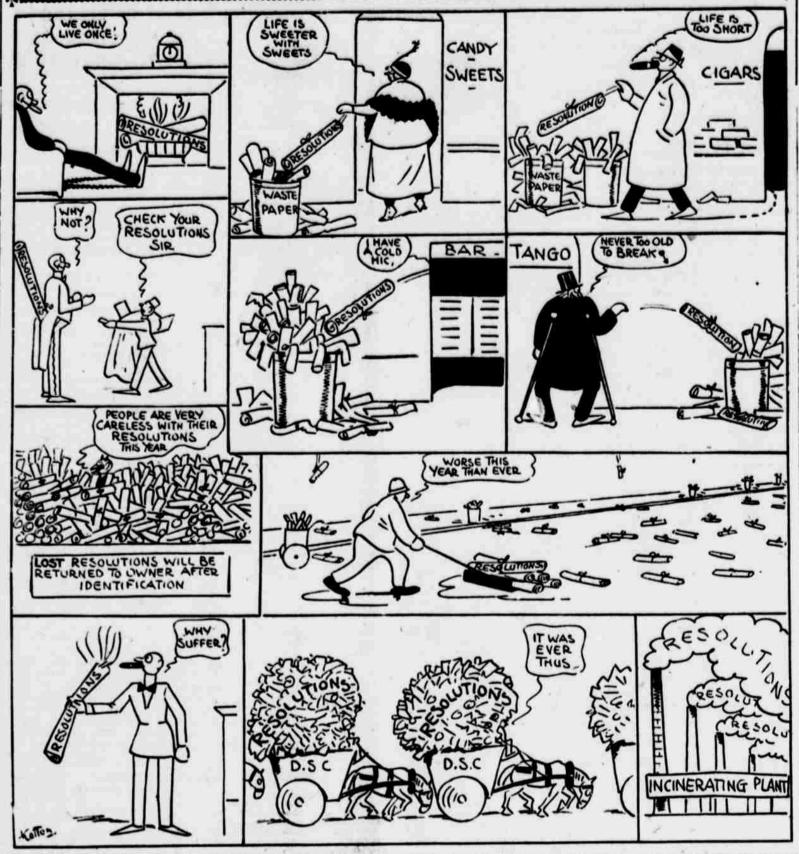
Director Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Who Pare the Tascal

To the believe of The Scening World:

The real estate owner pays the taxes, directly. But it is also true that the tenant pays them indirectly. Prom the man who pays \$12,000 a year for an apartment to the man who pays 10 cents a night for his believe the tenants are the real lodging the tenants are the real tappayers and not the owners. There is no law in this country compelling any one to own real estate. And any one who owns real estate who thinks he is not getting a fair return for his investment is at liberty to try compelling size and can stop

'Twas Ever Thus - By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

BOME again! home again! rescued me from a rootbeer Home from a foreign doughnut orgy in Brooklyn-say you believe friend husband has been led me as a snare unto your feet than shore!" chanted Mr. John W. Hangie, metodiously, as he and Mr. Jarr turned into their home street at day ask, after

"B-s-h-h!" cried Mr. Jarr, warn-"You'll wake up the police!" Just then one of the sanitary watons of the National Denatured Mills Company rattled into the street, and Mr. Rangle burst forth into song

Coming home with the milk, boys! Been out all night where the lights wer

bright.
And I'm feeling fine as silk! had to help them lock up the town;

re been out with the cream do la crear

But I'm getting in with the milk!" "Yes, and you'll be put on ice with it," cautioned Mr. Jarr. "I think that's your wife looking out of the

At these words the actions of Mr. Rangie were inexplicable for a moment. He seized Mr. Jarr under the arm and cried loudly:

"Brace up, old man! Hold fast to

"That was only throwing out the Mr. George W. Perkins—the Colone's life line," explained his friend. "Now running mate in the uplift, has start. I'll go home with you, and act as though dased and refuse to go home, bone of the prosperity of the country and you can blame me, saying you is the honest, hard-working farmer,

Mr. Jarr Enacts the Dual Role

cream parior and followed me. Say altar of friendship. Anyway, your anything. The ladies siways like to wife could not think any worse of

Sulzer is going to come out of

A Good Little Header

ing to get into any trouble with us. But the erafty British will, while giving us just enough to kill off any chance of our taking strong measures.

Joy Thrown Away.

66T SEE," said the head polisher

many," declared the ... "Why, a man couldn't at many places."

"that Mayor Mitchel leaved

230 New Year's Eve all-night

The Week's Wash By Martin Green

Converget, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World) WONDER," remarked the head who plants his crops and takes hi

man, "the Colonel is coming back on the first page this year. He made the Bowery, spoke to the unemployed, investigated the back room of a ginmill, circulated among the lodging houses and gathered data bearing upon the problem of poverty. Cointhat he is going out to lecture on unemployment and devote the proceeds of his lectures to taking care of the

"The big question, outside the war, during the first three months of 1915 will be the question of caring for the

idie.
"Hefore spring comes around Col me! Don't you feel better now?
What would have happened to you if
I had not found you? Much thanks
I'll get for trying all night to get you
to come home!"
"Go your ways, John W. Rangie!"
"Go your ways, John W. Rangie!"
raid Mr. Jarr indignantly. "I thought
you were a regular fellow. But I
can look down into your shoes and
see you are crooked from the ground
up!"
"That was only throwing out the
"Hefore spring comes around Col.
Roosevelt will be standing out as the
poor man's friend and the orphan's
guide. He will have formulated a
plan to end unemployment and give
every laboring man three square
meals a day and a ticket to the movies. The campaign of 1916 will be
Just that much nearer, with the Administration handling any amount of
perplexing situations which are bound
to be solved in a manner unpopular
no matter how wisely the solution is
brought about.
"In the mean time Mr. Perkins—
Mr. George W. Perkins—the Colonel's

she does. But it's mutual, so far as

polisher, "if the Colonel will remain in retirement this the contrary," said the laundry "the Colonel is coming back on iret page this year. He made lib bow ahead of time, a few look or Roosevell's political grays.

Jarr, feigning to be aroused from slumber, appeared at the portais she was so disgusted at the condition of Mr. Rangle that she almost believed to discover the she was so disgusted at the condition of Mr. Rangle that she almost believed "Yes," I replied, recognising the Do you think Great Britain will heed President Wil-Mr. Jarr's wild story of rescue work and neighborhood reform endeavor.

"Ice cream cones! Gimme ice cream cones!" gurgled Mr. Hangle with his eyes closed. "Gimme 'nuthe nut Sundae an' make it strong!"

"He raves!" murmured Mr. Jarr sympathetically. And when Mr. Jarr came back after

putting out the cat and Mr. Rangle, Mrs. Jarr was willing to believe it was all the latter's fault that Mr. Jarr had been in a hiatus that took him to Brooklyn, for hours and hours. Even the croquet games he said Mr. cold park at midnight, Mrs. Jarr said that man Rangie. And, for the time at least, Mr. Jarr was saved!

Of the Rescuer and the Rescued.

delighted to have me with her again.

you are concerned in the estimation of my good wife."

"But," Mr. Jarr faltered. "How wife, if that were she looking out of

petent-but it seemed a comfort to itumsey to have me there. He was nearly distracted, fearing for her, and Rangle. "If I had left you and come right in she would have surmised I how good they had both been to me," I told him, "but I think I will was tossing the taurus. But, after my grand stand oration, if 1 am delayed in getting you home, as she thinks, she will believe muh when I tell her you lead a dreadful life!"

Mr. Jarr followed the instructions of his more experienced friends.

"I couldn't bear it," Rumsey said to me one evening, apropos of nothing. We had been sitting in the library for some time, neither of us speaking.

"I don't think you will have to," I tried to comfort. "God surely will be merciful. He knows your need of her."

of his more experienced friend and tellow member of the Sheltering Order of Wok Wok, or Married Men's Beneficial League. And when Mrs.

"It's good of you, Sue." Rumsey spoke sadly.
"Don't!" I returned. "Think what you and Nell did for me in my trouble. It hurts me to have you thank me for the little I can do for you."

I persuaded him to lie down on the couch, and I went to the telephone to tell the maids I would not be back that night, and to give some directions concerning Emelie. When I returned Rumsey was fast asleep. He had been sitting up nights after working hard all day, and was completely worn out. He looked pilifully thin and worn as he lay asleep; and tears came to my eyes as I thought of what he said: "She is all I have."

They had been everything to each other. I could not remember hearing either speak an impatient word. They had never had any children, although both were passionately fond of them, and perhaps they were more to each other for that reason.

so I crept on tiptos from the room and found a blanket which I three

and found a blanket which I threw over him. Then, shading the light, I left him to snatch what rest I could. The purse said Nell was still sleeping and that there was absolutely nothing I could do, so I threw myself down on my bad, fully dressed in case I might be suddenly needed.

The night wore away and Nell still start. Reveral times I want into the

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon By Helen Rowland

Y DAUGHTER, a damsel came unto me, sayleg:

"Why do men no longer MARRYT" But, I admonished her, softly, and answered her, saying:

"Verily, verily, why DO they marry? For no Bachelor liveth who doth not think himself immune, and vow in his heart; "'I shall never be caught!'

"Yet, behold, there cometh unto each of these a day when something slippeth within his head and he findeth himself dreaming of socks without holes and shirts whereon there are buttons.

"The joys of a bachelor flat turn to sall in his mouth, and he catches himself stopping babes in the park and babbling thereto in a strange

"His latchkey burneth his pocket, and stag dinners are unto him but ashes and dust.

"Behold, he is RIPE for the plucking! And the Fluffy Thing, which shall appear at this moment, shall reap the reward of great luck. "Yea, whether she be blonde or brunette, petite or elephantine, old or young, wise or gay, the 'Right Woman,' or the wrong one, she shall

LOOK perfect in his eyes, and he shall lead her into the Kingdom of Matrimony. "For lo, marriage is a thing which a woman contemplateth with malice and design; but which a man contemplateth with fear, and falleth

Equilibrium. "And she whom he weddeth is not the woman he loveth, but the woman who chanceth to be near at hand; not the woman who giveth him her heart, but the woman who giveth him an opiate; not she who taketh

into 'hit-or-miss;' NOT when he loseth his Heart, but when he loseth his

him SERIOUSLY, but she who taketh him off his guard! "For a man selecteth a wife as he chooseth a boutonniere; because she looketh pretty, smelleth sweet and nestleth gracefully upon his

"And he weddeth, my Beloved, not when he falleth in love, but when he falleth into a TRAP! "Yea, verily, marriage cometh unto him, not as

SURPRISE "For a woman first seeketh to discover why she loveth a man, and weddeth him afterward.

"But a man marryeth a woman first, and spendeth all the rest of the days of his life in trying to discover WHY!"

JUNGLE TALES FOR CHILDREN-BY FARMER SMITH Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Brening World),

T seemed as it everybody in Jungle
Town was marching down Sunshiny Lane, when all of a sudden
Mr. Elephant shouted:
"Look out! I'm going to sneeze!"
Everybody got out of the way and stood looking at the big fellow. He hopped first on one foot and then on the other, but he did not sneeze.
"What's the matter?" asked his good wife, when he settled down again and walked away.
"I was going to sneeze, and when I saw everybody running away I thought how foolish they were and

Chapters from a Woman's Life By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World) CHAPTER CXXVII.

HURRIED home, anxious to see Emelie and to attend to my household duties. I found everything

sitting in the same position. Once Rumsey was there standing quietly beside the bed. He came out into the hall when he saw me.

"She is still asleep," he whispered.

"She will wake up conscious, I am sure," I returned, and we each went back to our troubled slumbers.

Morning came, and with it the in good order and Emelie Morning came, and with it the

She was growing so fast and was such a wise little maiden, seeming always to know just what to do and say, that she was an enormous comfort to me.

Neil Grant was very sick, and I spent as much time as possible with her. Not that there was much that here was much that here was much that here was much that there was much that here was much that there was much that

"Yes, and now she will get well. I

"Won't you wait until you can see her?"
"No. The doctor has just told me that it would be most unwise for her to see any one but yourself and the nurse for some time. As there is nothing I can do for you, and much that I can do at home, I will not come again until she can see me. Then I may be able to cheer her when you are away." you are away."

you are away."

Bo it was settled and I hurried to the office, and told Mr. Flam the good news, that now the doctor thought Mrs. Grant would get well.

"And yet we doubt God's goodness," he said quietly.

I knew he was very pleased, although he said nothing more. This man of Wall street, this man whose life was as simple and unassuming as a child's was a constant surprise to me. I had of course met many brokers—many men in the same line of business—but I never heard one of them speak as Mr. Flam frequently did of God, His kindness, His goodness.

I now worked very hard. I had all I had planned. Emeils was in a fever of excitement helping me plan and pack our Christmas gifts. Mrs. Carmen's must go first, then mether box with toys for Jack jr. And Norah's gifts. And Emeile insisted that her "Grandma lady," meaning Mrs. Flam, must have something. So, not knowing what else to give this dear woman who already had everything I could think of, I had Emelle's picture taken for her, and added one to each of my Christmas boxes.

"This one is papa's," she said bringing one to me upon the back of which she had printed, "For papa. Please come home." And then says we me a bulky envelope with Jack's name on the outside. "You won't care, will you mamma, cause

I reassured her, and told her I had

for papa. too. (To He Continued.)

But the way it is given by some people, no self-respecting person, no matter how poor, can take it without feeling the pain of poverty and the distress of debt.

The formula for being charitable is: "GIVE CHARITY WITH THE BLESSINGS OF A BOOST, RATHER THAN WITH THE CURISS OF A KICK."

of the Yest County Co. Charity By Sophie Irene Loeb

SARITY once had a very at designated places was dragged in the mire of medioc-

that is generally derided. In like manner, Charity in the past

ARITY once had a very at designated places the articles in her booth with such beautiful meaning. So once places and saw the poor and destitute phrases as "Hurry along," "Don't was "affinity" a lovely of the city in line to receive the gifts crowd the counter," "I can't give you of the city in line to receive the gifts crowd the counter," "I can't give you are then this one," "That's name; but with the coming of the city in line to receive the gifts or owd the counter. I can't give you name; but with the coming of Affinity Earle and a few At one of these I stood beside one enough for you." "Only one to a prominent in he social set, who had come down from her magnificent with a kick.

This wamen was giving charity with a kick.

He was creating the chill of char-

ity rather than its cheer
I am confident that, had I been one
of those unfortunates who received

bored with the visitors and gave out head. Ferhaps she wanted to say a

Perhaps she wanted to see her name in priot as a bountiful one. I cannot think that the interest of